NUMB. CCLI.

The SPECTATOR.

——Linguæ centum ſunt, oraque centum,
Ferrea vox—— Virg.

Tueſday, December 18. 1711.

THERE is nothing which more aſtoniſhes a Foreigner and frights a Country Squire, than the *Cries of London*. My good Friend Sir ROGER, often declares, that to get them out of his Head, or go to ſleep the firſt Week that he is in Town. On the other hand, WILL. HONEYCOMB calls them the *Muſick of the Cities*, and prefers them to the Sounds of Fields and Nightingales, with all the Muſick of Birds and Woods. I have lately received a Letter from ſome very odd Fellow upon this Subject, which I ſhall leave with my Reader, without adding any thing further of it.

SIR,

I am a Man out of all Buſineſs, and would very willingly turn my Head to any thing for an honeſt Livelihood. I have invented ſeveral Projects for raiſing many Millions of Mony without burthening the Subject, but I cannot get the Parliament to liſten to me, who look upon me, forſooth, as a Crack and a Projector; ſo that deſpairing to enrich either my ſelf or my Country by my own Quick-ſpiritedneſs, I would make ſome Propoſals to you relating to a Deſign, which I have very much at Heart, and which may procure me honeſt Subſiſtance, if you will be pleaſed to recommend it to the Cities of *London* and *Weſtminſter*.

The Poſt I would aim at is to be Comptroller General of the *London* Cries, which are at preſent under no manner of Rules or Diſcipline. I think my ſelf very well qualified for this Place, as being poſſeſſed of very ſtrong Lungs, of great Insight in the ſeveral branches of our *Britiſh* Trades and Manufactures, and of a competent Skill in Muſick.

The Cries of *London* may be divided into Vocal and Inſtrumental. As for the latter, they are at preſent under a very great Diſorder. A Freeman of *London* has the Privilege of diſturbing a whole Street for an hour together, with the twanging of a Braſs Kettle or a Frying-Pan. The Watchman's Thump at Midnight ſtartles us in our Beds, much as the breaking in of a Thief. The Sow-gelder's Horn has indeed ſomething muſical in it, but is ſeldom heard within the Liberties. I therefore propoſe, that no Inſtrument of Muſick ſhould be made uſe of, which I have not tried and licenſed, after having carefully examined in what manner it may affect the Ears of her Majeſty's liege Subjects.

As Vocal Cries are of a much larger Extent, and indeed ſo full of Incongruities and Barbariſms, that we appear a diſtracted City, to Foreigners, who do not comprehend the Meaning of ſuch Enormous Outcries. Milk is generally ſold in a Note above *Elah*, and in Sounds ſo exceedingly ſhrill, that it often ſets our Teeth an edge. The Chimney Sweeper is confined to no certain pitch; he ſometimes utters himſelf in the deepeſt Baſe, and ſometimes in the ſharpeſt Treble; ſometimes in the higheſt, and ſometimes in the loweſt Note of the Gamut. The ſame Obſervation might be made on the Retailers of Small-cole, not to mention broken Glaſſes or Brick-duſt. In theſe, therefore, and the like Caſes, it ſhould be my Care to ſweeten and mellow the Voices of theſe itinerant Tradeſmen, before they make their appearance in our Streets; as alſo to accommodate their Cries to their reſpective Wares; and to take care in particular that thoſe may not make the moſt noiſe, who have the leaſt to ſell, which is very obſervable in the Venders of Card-matches, to whom I cannot but apply that old Proverb of *Much Cry but little Wool*.

Some of theſe laſt-mentioned Muſicians are ſo very loud in the Sale of theſe trifling Manufactures, that an honeſt Splenetick Gentleman of my Acquaintace bargained with one of them never to come into the Street where he lived; But what was the effect of this Contract? why, the whole Tribe of Cardmatch-makers which frequent that Quarter, paſſed by his Door the very next Day, in hopes of being bought off after the ſame manner.

It is another great Imperfection in our *London* Cries, that there is no juſt Time nor Meaſure obſerved in them. Our News ſhould indeed be Publiſhed in a very quick time, becauſe it is a Commodity that will not keep cold. It ſhould not however be cried with the ſame Precipitation as *Fire*: Yet this is generally the caſe: A Bloody Battel alarms the Town from one end to another in an Inſtant. Every Motion of the *French* is Publiſhed in ſo great an hurry, that one would think the Enemy were at our Gates. This likewiſe I would take upon me to regulate in ſuch a manner, that there ſhould be ſome Diſtinction made between the ſpreading of a Victory, a March, or an Incampment, a *Dutch*, a *Portugal*, or a *Spaniſh* Mail. Nor muſt I omit under this Head, thoſe exceſſive Alarms with which ſeveral boiſterous Ruſticks infeſt our Streets in Turnip Seaſon; and which are more inexcu-

'excuſable, becauſe theſe are Wares which are in 'no danger of Cooling upon their Hands.

'There are others who affect a very ſlow time, 'and are in my Opinion much more tuneable 'than the former; the Cooper in particular ſwells 'his laſt Note in an hollow Voice, that is not with-'out its Harmony; nor can I forbear being inſpired 'with a moſt agreeable Melancholy, when I hear 'that ſad and ſolemn Air with which the Publick 'is very often asked, if they have any Chairs to 'mend. Your own Memory may ſuggeſt to you 'many other lamentable Ditties of the ſame na-'ture, in which the Muſick is wonderfully languiſh-'ing and melodious.

'I am always pleaſed with that particular time 'of the Year which is proper for the pickling of 'Dill and Cucumbers; but alas this Cry, like the 'Song of the Nightingales, is not heard above two 'Months. It might therefore be worth while, to 'conſider whether the ſame Air might not in ſome 'Caſes be adapted to other Words.

'It might likewiſe deſerve our moſt ſerious Con-'ſideration, how far, in a well regulated City, thoſe 'Humouriſts are to be tolerated, who not content-'ed with the traditional Cries of their Fore-fathers, 'have invented particular Songs and Tunes of their 'own: Such as was, not many Years ſince, the 'Paſtry-man, commonly known by the Name of 'the Colly-Molly-Puff; and ſuch as is at this 'Day the Vender of Powder and Waſhballs, who, 'if I am rightly inform'd, goes under the Name of '*Powder-Watt*.

'I muſt not here omit one particular Abſurdity 'which runs through this whole Vociferous Gene-'ration, and which renders their Cries very often 'not only incommodious, but altogether uſeleſs to 'the Publick, I mean that Idle Accompliſhment 'which they all of them aim at, of Crying ſo as 'not to be underſtood. Whether or no they have 'learned this from ſeveral of our affected Singers, 'I will not take upon me to ſay; but moſt certain 'it is, that People know the Wares they deal in 'rather by their Tunes than by their Words; inſo-'much that I have ſometimes ſeen a Country Boy 'run out to buy Apples of a Bellows-mender, and 'Gingerbread from a Grinder of Knives and Sciſſars. 'Nay, ſo ſtrangely infatuated are ſome very emi-'nent Artiſts of this particular Grace in a Cry, that 'none but their Acquaintance are able to gueſs at 'their Profeſſion; for who elſe can know, that '*Work if I had it*, ſhould be the Signification of a 'Corn-Cutter.

'For as-much therefore as Perſons of this Rank 'are ſeldom Men of Genius or Capacity, I think 'it would be very proper that ſome Man of good 'Senſe and ſound Judgment ſhould preſide over theſe 'Publick Cries, who ſhould permit none to lift up 'their Voices in our Streets, that have not tuneable Throats, and are not only able to overcome the 'Noiſe of the Croud, and the rattling of Coaches, 'but alſo to vend their reſpective Merchandizes in 'apt Phraſes, and in the moſt diſtinct and agree-'able Sounds. I do therefore humbly recom-'mend my ſelf as a Perſon rightly qualified for this 'Poſt; and if I meet with fitting Encou[ra]ge-'ment, ſhall communicate ſome other Projects which 'have by me, that may no leſs conduce to the Or-'nament of the Publick.

I am,

SIR, &c.

Ralph Cro[wd]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

By Her Majeſty's Company of Comedi[ans]

AT the Theatre Royal in Drury-Lane this preſent Tueſday, the 18th Day of December, will be ſpoken a Comedy call'd, The Tender Huſband or the Accompliſh'd Fool. For the Entertainment of the New Toaſts, and ſeveral Ladies of Quality. The part of Biddy by Mrs. Oldfield. Sir Harry Gubbin Mr. Bullock, Mr. Tipkin by Mr. Norris, Mr. Clerimont by Mr. [Wilks], Capt. Clerimont by Mr. Wilks, Humphrey Gubbin by Mr. [Bo]man, Mr. Pounce by Mr. Pack, Mrs. Clerimont by Mrs. [Bra]Aunt by Mrs. Powell. To which (at the Deſire of ſeveral [La]Quality) will be added, a Farce of one Act only, call'd, The [Ma]Wake. The Part of Hob by Mr. Dogget, Sir Thomas Tub[by] Bullock, Friendly by Mr. Pack, Flora by Mrs. Sandf[ord].

Whereas it hath been maliciouſly reported [by] Mr. Benj. Ferrers, Face Painter, who is Deaf and Dumb, [that] Painting; this is to inform the Publick, that he doth [not] Profeſſion of Painting, and that the ſaid Report is villa[nous] N. B. He lives in Duke-ſtreet, York Buildings.

For SALE by the CANDLE.

On Thurſday the 20th Inſtant, at Lloyd's C[offee]houſe in Lombard-ſtreet, at 4 in the Afternoon (only one Lot) viz. 30 Hhds of excellent French Claret, deep, [and] freſh, and of the true Flavour, perfect fine and fit for [Ex]an entire Parcel, in a Vault on the left Hand in the Gr[eat] Still-yard leading from Thames-ſtreet directly to the Still. And 29 half Hhds. 3 Aums, 4 Hhds. and 1 Puncheon of Brandy, 3 Pipes of Red Rikadavia Galicia, and 3 Pipes of [Sy]racuſa Wine, deep, bright and ſtrong; and 3 Pipes of [Red] Wine. (Note the ſaid Brandys, Galicia, Syracuſa and [Red] Wine are all neat, and were lately imported from [Nevis] and are in a Cellar under the Houſe of Mr. Alexander [Lind]chant over againſt the Church in St. Martin's Lane (in [the] All the ſaid Wines and Brandy are to be ſeen and taſted [this] to Morrow, from 8 to 1, and from 2 to 5, and all [the] the time of Sale. To be ſold by Tho. Tomkins, Broker [in] ing-lane in Tower ſtreet.

Loſt a Pocket Book, wherein, among other [Papers] is a Blank Ticket in the 1500000 Lottery for the Year [1]85 or 86. If offer'd to be Sold, pray give Notice at [Mr.] houſe in Henrietta-ſtreet near Covent Garden, and if [the] Better ſhall receive half a Guinea reward without any [further] ry. All payments are ſtop.

This Day is Publiſh'd,

Tory Partiality detected: or a True State [of] Poll and Scrutiny of Broad-ſtreet Ward, on the Election of [an] derman in the room of Sir Joſeph Wolf deceas'd: Begun [and] continu'd by ſeveral Neceſſary and unavoidable Adjournments [to] 27th of October following: Before Sir Gilbert Heathcote [Knt.] Mayor of the City of London. Printed for J. Baker at the [Black] Boy in Pater-noſter-Row. Price 3 d.

This Day is Publiſhed,

Madam Dacier's Homer, with her Notes, in [Engliſh] adorn'd with fine Cuts, and neatly Printed on an Elzevir [Letter] in Engliſh by Mr. Ozell, and by him compared with the [Original] bound 2 s. 6 d. The ſecond Edition of Mr. Farquhar's [Works] and Comedies, with Cuts, price 6 s. Callipedia, or the [Art] pretty Children, Tranſlated by ſeveral Hands, with [Cuts] 1 s. 6 d. Virgil, tranſlated by the late Earl of Lauderdale, [&c.] All Printed for Bernard Lintott at the Croſs Keys between the Temple Gates in Fleet-ſtreet.

This Day is Publiſhed,

A ſecond Part of the Caveat againſt the [Whigs] In a ſhort Hiſtorical View of their Tranſactions; wherein are [dis]vered their many Attempts and Contrivances againſt the [Church] Government, both in Church and State, ſince the Reſtoration of [King] Charles 2d. With a Preface to both Parts. Sold by J. [Morphew] Stationer's-Hall, price 1 s. Where is to be had the ſecond Edition of the firſt Part.

LONDON: Printed for *Sam. Buckley*, at the *Dolphin* in *Little-Britain*; Sold by *A. Baldwin* in *Warwick-Lane*; where Advertiſements are taken in; as alſo by *Charles Lillie*, Perfumer, at the Corner of *Beauford-Buildings* in the *Strand*.